
Title: Book of Fellowship 1

Author: Batlin of Britain

i. Salutations to the
Traveller
Good morning to thee,
gentle friend and
traveller!
No matter what time of
day it might be when
thou
art reading this - no
matter what the hour of
the clock - I say
good morning to thee
because this very moment
brings to thee
the coming of the dawn.
The dawn, as everyone
knows, is the
moment when illumination
comes. The dawn marks
the end
of the long dark night,
and a new beginning. It
is my humble
hope that these words
may be for thee a
dawning, or at least,
a type of awakening.
I call thee "traveller" no
matter if thou hast
never
left thy home town, no
matter if thou wilt
never again leave
thy room, because all of
us are travellers. I call
thee traveller
for truly all of us travel
a spiritual or philosophical
path -
even if it is simply by
living the life that we
choose to live, or
by searching for a new
life when our current one
fails to
satisfy our needs as
thinking spiritual beings.
It is past time that I

introduce myself to thee,
gentle
friend and traveller. My
name is Batlin, and indeed
I have
been following this quest
all of my life. It has
been a long
road, but the rewards
have been beyond measure.
If thou
wouldst permit me, I
would very much wish
to appreciate
sharing these rewards
with you.

ii. The Story of Batlin
- Part the First
There is much that I
have set out to tell thee
in this
book. Some small part
of it involves my own
personal story.
As that is the least
important part of this
book, I shall quickly
relate my tale first,
gentle friend and
traveller. In that way
we shall soon have it
over with and then be
free to pass on
more important concerns!
I was born in the forests
surrounding the city of
Yew
and educated in the
traditions of the Druids.
Having been
raised in the city of
Justice, I was taught to
always strive for
fairness in dealing with
others, and these
teachings left a
lasting impression upon
me. But while I found
trees, birds
and moons to be very
beautiful, I determined to
dedicate my
life to the service of
people. So it was I left
to seek my
fortune in the world.

This was a time when,
over Lord British's
objections, unruly lords
waged war against each
other, so
there was little else to
do but become a fighter
in the city of
Jhelom. I regret killing,
although much of what I
did helped
bring peace to our land
once more. I learned well
how to
defend myself and to find
the courage one must
have to
survive in battle. I also
learned respect for those
of valor who
earn their wage by
combat.

Eventually those
little wars
ended, and I found myself
penniless and without a
trade in
the capital city of
Britain.
I became a Bard simply
because a Bard was
needed
at the Blue Boar. There
were none about, and I
had the
loudest voice. Never had
I considered myself to be
musically
inclined, but it was a fair
alternative to starvation.
My voice
was painful. My mandolin
strings would break
rather than let
me stroke them. After
much heckling and many a
thrown
bottle, my talents did
slowly develop. As the
years passed I
began to feel the deep
compassion that bards
known when
singing of heroic deeds.

I discovered that sharing

a spiritual
rapport with my audience
was very moving. Several
of my
ballads are still sung
today (although by
tradition, the player
will no doubt take credit
for composing them
himself).
While in Britain, I met
two remarkable individuals.

They were twins, Elizabeth
and Abraham. They were
also
well versed students of
philosophy, and many were
the hours
we spent in discussion
and debate. We did
raise our voices on
occasion,
Gentle friend and
traveller, but that did
not prevent
us from becoming fast
friends. Although I would
never
presume to intrude upon
their privacy by revealing
the many
fascinating details I
learned about them and
their lives, I will
say that they play a
truly significant role in
the part this book
that is my story.

A mage from Moonglow
who had heard me
perform
came to offer me
employment as his
assistant. Magic has
always fascinated me, and
so I became his
apprentice. I will
always remember his
teaching that if I was to
successfully
commune with the visible
world without lapsing into
madness, I must ever
retain my honesty - if
one is to live
outside the laws of

reality, one must first be
honest. He
taught me well. It was
with great sadness that I
ended my
studies in the magical
arts when my master,
who was most
elderly, passed away.
While drinking at the
Blue Boar soon after his
passing, Elizabeth,
Abraham, and I each
decided that we
needed something to which
to dedicate our lives. On
a
youthful whim, we made a
pact that we would go
our separate
ways and spend the next
decade travelling
throughout the
land to find adventure,
and to find ourselves as
well.

We
agreed to reunite at the
Blue Boar in exactly ten
years. Our
departure was exciting
yet melancholy, as my life
began a
new chapter.

iii. The Old Man and the Bandits

On the road leading out
of Britain, I met a man
bent with age,
but still possessed of
keen wit. As we walked
he shared with
me his tale, and I in turn
shall share it with thee.
During a stroll through
the woods one day, this
man
was kidnapped by a group
of vicious bandits. The
poor man
had just left his
nephew's family and had
no one else in the
world. Woe to them who
have been kidnapped when
they

have no one to pay their
ransom! The bandits soon
began to
loathe their captive and
did make plans to kill
him.

One wanted to hang him,
while another wanted to
stab him. Still another
wanted to burn him at
the stake while
yet a fourth wanted to
tie rocks about his waist
and throw him
in the river. So angry
did they wax in their
disagreement
over what manner of
violence to use, that they
did break into
an awful, bloody row.

And so it was that this
old man did escape from
the
bandits, who were
distracted with their
brawling. Upon
noticing their victim was
gone, they continued to
fight, this
time over whose fault it
had been, until all of
them lay dead,
murdered by each others'
hand.

This old man was later
reunited with his nephew's
family and all were
joyous of it. For as he
had learned, Unity
is essential for survival,
and unlike those reckless
bandits, he
still wished to live for a
good many years yet.

iv. The Story of Batlin
- Part the Second
My travels took me to
Trinsic, and there I
encountered a group of
men at arms with whom I
became
most impressed. Many
fighters I have know were
men of

valorous heart on the
battle field, but off it
little more than
thugs. These men were
not mere fighters, but
Paladins. They
were all skilled swordsmen
and expert horsemen, as
well as
learned scholars and
perfectly mannered
gentlemen. Above
all, they were devoted to
the preservation of honor.

It was
with eager gratitude that
I accepted their invitation
to join
them. The following
years were filled with
excitement, as we
journeyed through the
land, righting wrongs and
helping
those in need!
During one of our
adventures I was injured
and
forced to remain in Minoc
while my companions rode
on. A
healer there told me that
without the proper
treatment (for
which he charged
outrageous prices) I would
most probably
die! I angrily sent him
away. After a time I
did mend. I had
learned that the healing
process takes place
mostly in one's
mind and have since
placed no trust in healers
who greedily
prey upon the afflicted.
At that time, the town
of Minoc was in need of
a
Tinker.
As I heard, I
supported myself by
fixing, building
and inventing things.